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TILTON TALK

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VOX POPULI

The city of Chicago once again yields itself to the bedlam of a national convention. This time it is the Democratic Party and it is their gleeful boast that they will make the Republican affair look like a meeting of the Octogenarian Chess Society of Indio, Cal., by contrast. (Ed. Note: For the uninitiated, Indio is so hot that no one wants to do anything; even the birth rate is low.)

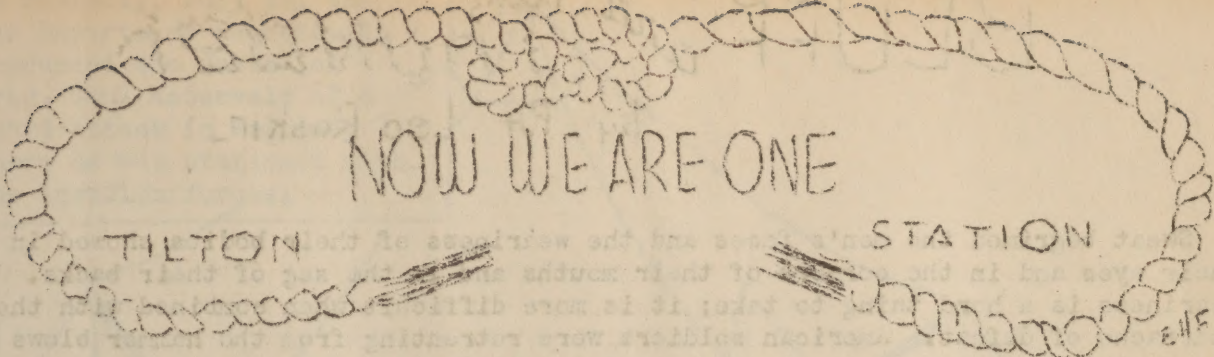
But the individuals who will be nominated to oppose those who were nominated by the Republicans are not as important in themselves as is the fact of a national convention. True, it is and will continue to be a rowdy, boisterous meeting of men who sweat and shout, plan and connive. Cigar smoke will fill the auditorium and tickets will sell at a premium. There will be long speeches and short tempers, wisecracks and mint juleps. Newspapermen will file more words than there are sand on the beaches of Normandy and, as some statistician will undoubtedly point out, there will be enough copy to fill two and a half books as large as Gone With the Wind. Business in Chicago will be great.

What is important, is that this is an expression of the people. In these days when suppression of free speech has become the rule rather than the exception throughout the world, we can point with pride to our national conventions - even with their hoopla and folderol. Californians will exchange opinions with Texans, Iowans will talk it over with New Yorkers. And when it comes to voting, no one will point a gun at anyone else and tell him how he can or cannot cast his ballot.

This is a democracy in action, a democracy functioning on all eight cylinders. If a GI on the battlefield stops to think about it, he realizes that this is one of the things for which he is fighting. We talk a lot about "The American Way" without ever stopping to figure out what it stands for. Voting, the two-party system, free speech, yes, national conventions are the symbols of our way of life.

Let's not lose them.

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NOW WE ARE ONE

TILTON

STATION

The official announcement of the merger of Station Hospital at Fort Dix with Tilton General Hospital was made last Wednesday by Col. S. Jay Turnbull, Commanding Officer of TGH. Under the merger, Tilton General Hospital will become one of the largest general hospitals in the United States.

In addition to its functions as a general hospital, TGH will take care of all hospital cases at Fort Dix, a duty formerly handled by the Station Hospital. The capacity of Tilton, as a result of the merger, will be increased to more than three thousand beds.

It is interesting to note that Tilton was first organized in February, 1941, and occupied Ward 16 of the Station Hospital while awaiting completion of its own buildings. The actual occupation of the present site of Tilton was made on April 5, 1941. During the period between the organization and the occupation, the buildings of TGH were erected by workmen at the rate of one a day. The men worked twenty-four hours a day, under tents during inclement weather and with floodlights at night.

Col. Turnbull, C.O., is a regular Army officer with over thirty-three years in the service. This is his second service at Fort Dix, the Colonel having served here in 1922 as Medical Inspector of the First Division. He served in World War I as a Lieutenant Colonel and was awarded the D.S.C. for exceptional meritorious and distinguished service. Col. Turnbull reported for duty on his present assignment at Fort Dix January 15, 1941, and Tilton was officially activated February 11, 1941.

Tilton was among the first of seven general hospitals constructed by the Army in 1941. It was built on the grounds of the Borden Farm, a famous old New Jersey homestead, and was named for Dr. James Tilton, first Surgeon General of the Army and a veteran of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812.

Tilton, in addition to its medical work, functions as one of the largest Medical Officers' Pools in the country. It also boasts the largest MAC contingent in the Second Service Command. The specialty of the medical staff is general surgery and many battle casualties are treated here.

Of the sixteen officers who formed the original complement of Col. Turnbull's staff at Tilton, eight are still on duty here. They are, in addition to the Colonel: Lt. Col. Alexander Miller, Major Seymour Katz, Captains Paul B. Henon, Jack Messey, Reuben Miller, Alex Frediani and James Loudon.

BLUFF

and many
by Pvt Leo Ruskin

Sweat begrimed the men's faces and the weariness of their bodies showed in their eyes and in the corners of their mouths and in the sag of their backs. Weariness is a hard thing to take; it is more difficult when combined with the heartache of defeat. American soldiers were retreating from the hammer blows of the Nazis. This was Africa in the winter of 1942.

The enemy had concentrated more tanks and guns and men in the area of Kasserine Pass than we had expected. American infantry, advancing to join forces with the British, were met by a fusillade of machine and mortar fire and a weight of tanks that stopped them dead in their tracks and forced them to turn tail. The Germans came on in hot pursuit. Ours was an organized retreat, but this defeat threatened the success of the entire African campaign. The British and American Allied forces had at long last assumed the offensive; it was, as Prime Minister Churchill put it, "the end of the beginning." And now this.

The vaunted African Corps must be stopped. But time, time, there was no time. Preparations must be made, plans had to be formulated. A large force of men cannot be shifted about on a moment's notice.

Thirteen hundred infantrymen were given orders to stop where they were and face the enemy. In the meantime -- ten, twelve, fifteen hours, as long as the men could hold out -- arrangements would be made for the necessary counter-attack.

Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, son of the ex-president of the United States, was in command of the suicide unit. He declared that while the delaying action would be accomplished as ordered, as few men as possible would be lost. An old Yankee trick had popped into the back of his mind.

That night, as the designated regiment turned to face the enemy, all lights on trucks, ambulances, guns and men were blazing brightly. Orders by radio, by messenger, by carrier and by telephone flow back and forth from the regiment of thirteen hundred men to the Allied headquarters. The codes were simple and the Nazis, who intercepted many of them, were confused. Their intelligence had kept them informed as to the size of the American force, and had even told them the approximate number of men who would try to halt them before the counter-attack. But here were these strange messages contradicting all their information.

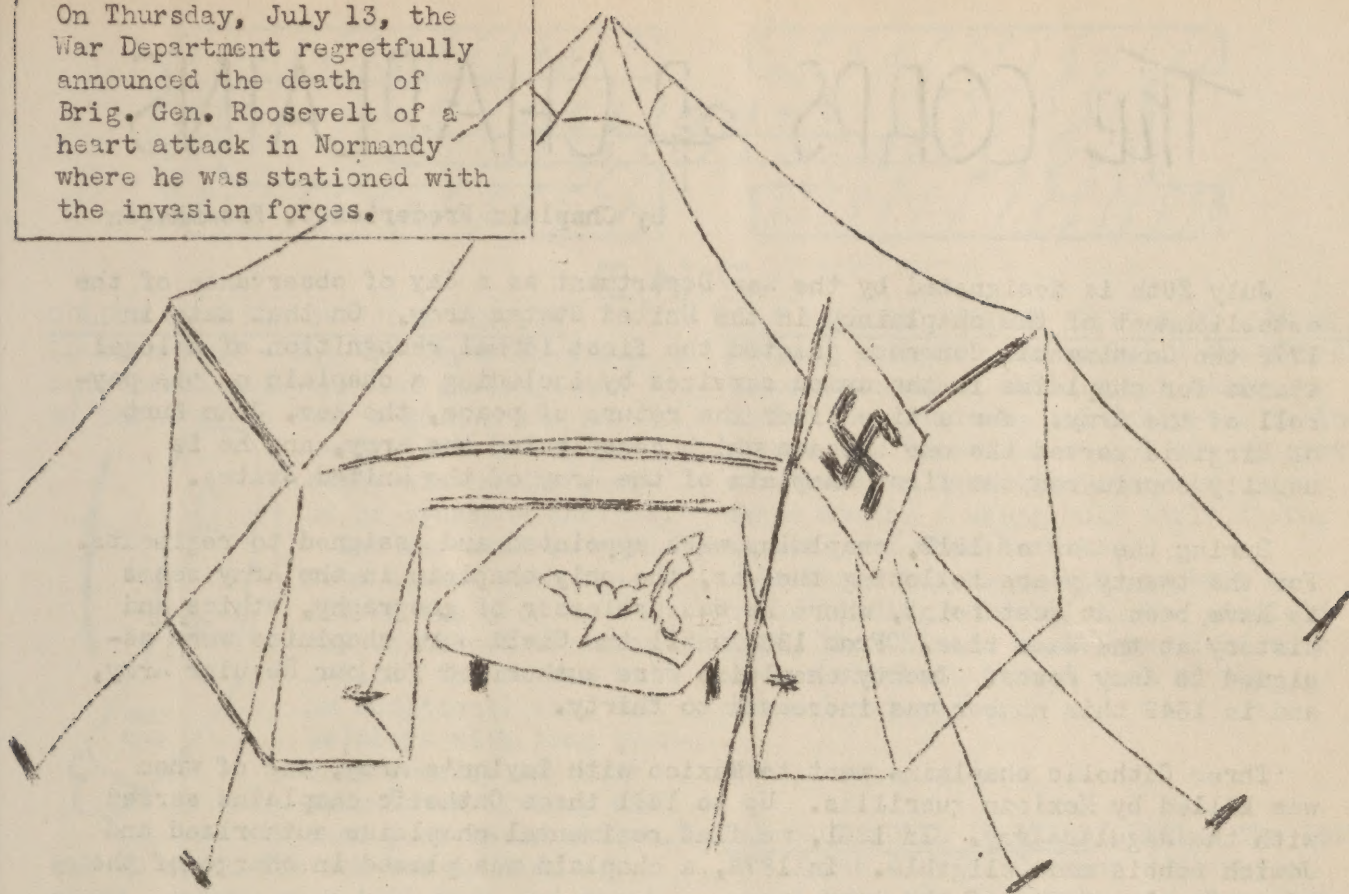
A carrier pigeon was shot down. The decoded message strapped to its leg read: "Company B, Armored division, moving into position along left flank." Armored Division?

An intercepted radio message, when broken down, read: "Fourth Regiment, Green Infantry Division, needs more ammunition." Infantry Division?

A messenger on motorcycle was captured and the words on a thin sheet of paper stuck in his pouch read: "Blue Division ready for orders to attack." Another Division!!

And so it went for almost an hour. German reconnaissance planes were sent up and they reported that long lines of trucks and men were streaming to the front, lit up as if they didn't give a damn whether or not the enemy saw them. The German

On Thursday, July 13, the War Department regretfully announced the death of Brig. Gen. Roosevelt of a heart attack in Normandy where he was stationed with the invasion forces.



staff called a halt to the pursuit while it pondered this strange turn of events. According to all information that could be garnered, two Infantry Divisions and one Armored Division, representing about 50,000 men, were moving forward to engage the Nazi forces. Where had the Americans gotten these replacements? How could they have arranged a counter-attack in such short time?

Just before the rise of a hill in the Pichon area north of the Kasserine Pass, the Nazis halted and sent out scouting parties to solve this strange paradox. One hour passed, two, three, five. The scouting party did not return. Nor did subsequent ones, either. It wasn't until almost eleven hours later that one group did come back with the information that no more than fifteen hundred waited on the other side of the hill for the Nazis to continue the attack. The German commanders hesitated no longer. With a hoarse imprecation for his own naivete, the commanding general gave the order to advance.

But the American forces had not been idle during these eleven hours. Thousands of guns of every conceivable type had been erected on the far side of the valley and, not far to the rear, the main body of the American Army was making the final preparations for the counter-attack. The Americans waited.

In the small hours of the morning the first ponderous Mark IV pushed its nose over the rise of the hill. Seconds later another followed. Within five minutes they were pouring over the hill in a tremendous body. And then the Americans opened fire with one of the most tremendous barrages ever seen on any battlefield. When the smoke cleared twenty minutes later, one hundred Germans tanks lay still, completely knocked out of action. Others smoldered while their crews struggled desperately to get out of them. The Nazi infantry was confused, panic-stricken.

The German attack was broken. It never recovered.

THE CORPS of CHAPLAINS

by Chaplain Frederick C. Frommshagen

July 29th is designated by the War Department as a day of observance of the establishment of the chaplaincy in the United States Army. On that date in 1775 the Continental Congress granted the first formal recognition of a legal status for chaplains in the armed services by including a chaplain on the payroll of the Army. For a time after the return of peace, the Rev. John Hurt of Virginia served the one brigade which constituted the Army, and he is usually considered the first chaplain of the Army of the United States.

During the War of 1812, chaplains were appointed and assigned to regiments. For the twenty years following the war, the only chaplain in the Army seems to have been at West Point, where he was professor of geography, ethics and history at the same time. From 1838 until the Civil War, chaplains were assigned to Army Posts. Twenty chaplains were authorized for our Regular Army, and in 1849 this number was increased to thirty.

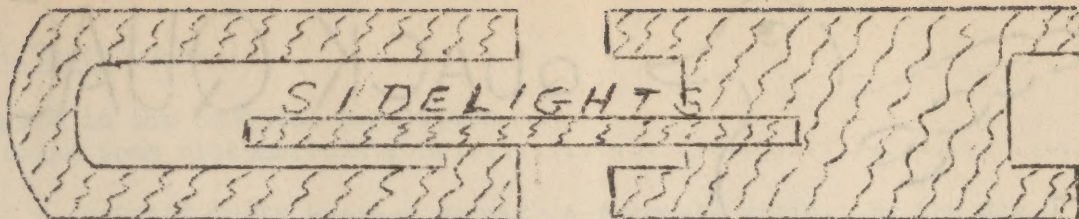
Three Catholic chaplains went to Mexico with Taylor's Army, one of whom was killed by Mexican guerillas. Up to 1861 three Catholic chaplains served with the Regular Army. In 1861, we find regimental chaplains authorized and Jewish rabbis made eligible. In 1878, a chaplain was placed in charge of the educational program of the Army.

When we entered the war in 1917, we find 74 chaplains in the Regular Army and 72 in the National Guard. During that war, 2,363 chaplains were commissioned, of whom 57 were negroes. Of this number, 23 died in service, 27 were wounded and 59 received decorations. During the days of the C.C.C., several hundred Reserve and National Guard chaplains served in that activity.

In honoring the Corps of Chaplains in this brief outline, we come to the present. Recent figures released by the Office of the Chief of Chaplains reveal that there are 7,504 chaplains now on duty. Casualties so far in this war reveal 24 killed in action, 39 deaths from accident and illness, 31 wounded in battle, and 33 as prisoners in the hands of the enemy. 114 chaplains have been decorated. 129 decorations have been received.

It is interesting to note that chaplain battle casualties have been exceeded on a comparative basis only by the Army Air Forces and the Infantry. This is testimony to the service of the chaplains as they go with their men and partake of all dangers and hardships of military service.

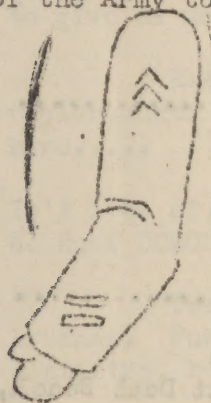
"Strong in the Strength of the Lord, they do no march alone." The official chaplains' march is "Soldiers of God." You'll hear it often on July 29th, in due honor to the Chaplains Corps, United States Army.



C.N.S.

GOLDEN BARS FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE

(Washington) - The War Department has authorized officers and enlisted men of the Army to wear a golden bar on their left sleeve for every six months period of overseas service.



The bar will be worn four inches from the end of the sleeve. Each six months of overseas entitle the wearer to an additional bar, and soldiers with long overseas service may wear them "even if they extend past their elbows,"

the WD said. The new bar is made of cloth, one-quarter inch wide and three-eighths inches long. It will be worn on the overcoat, blouse, shirt and field jacket.

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN LOVELY SAIPAN

(Saipan) - Here are some of the things the Marines are battling on Saipan besides Japs.

In the surf they must beware of sharks, barracuda, sea snakes, razor-edge coral, polluted waters, poison fish and giant clams capable of snapping on a man's leg like a bear trap.

Ashore, the men must watch out for leprosy, typhus, yaws, typhoid, dengue fever, dysentery, skin and eye infections and a wide variety of insects, snakes and giant lizards.

WAC HAS 8 GRANDCHILDREN (Ft. Oglethorpe)

Proudest Wac at Ft. Oglethorpe is Pvt. Lorraine Fox of Brooklyn. The other day she became a grandmother - for the eighth time.

HALF MILLION CHINESE BUILT B-29 AIRFIELDS

(China) - Credit for building the Chinese bases from which AAF's giant B-29s bombed the Japanese mainland goes to laborers who turned in one of the biggest construction jobs in history in only three months - using only their hands, hammers and wheelbarrows.

As there was no cement, asphalt or other binding material in the airfield area, the Chinese built the field near rivers which contained most of the natural materials.

SAD SACK HOTEL IN ITALY (Italy) The 15th Air Force Service Command operates a hotel here for GIs lucky enough to get three-day passes. The name of the joint-the Sad Sack Hotel.

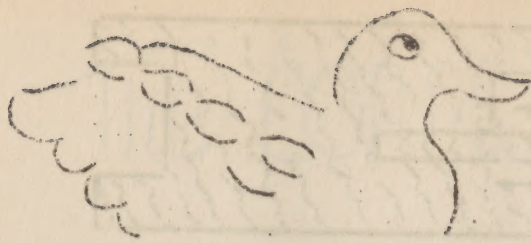
VON ARNIM PRISONER IN U.S. (Washington)-

Col. Gen. Jurgen von Arnim, German general captured in the North African campaign in 1943, is now a prisoner of war in the U.S., the War Department has announced.

REACTION NORMAL (San Francisco)- The famous First Marine Division is back home again after two years spent smashing the enemy in the Pacific.



The 1200 men arrived here by Coast Guard transport and the sight of a girl ashore set off a demonstration that didn't stop until the last Marine, Sgt. Gioachino Dell'Osso, of Brooklyn, disembarked. "Wow," said Dell'Osso, "Wow!"



QUACK-QUACK

It's merger here and merger there,
That's just about all that's in the air.....

SHARON SHEA was christened on Sunday, and a goodly number of the
Staff turned out to celebrate in spite of the heat wave. Nothing daunted
STEVE MARTIN - he participated on six cylinders.

Who's to go and who's to stay
Is the question of the day.....

What's with SI KATZ on September 10th? Why not make it
Labor Day, Si?

FREDIANI'S face hangs low
And no one is able to soften the blow.....

The shore contingent are having the times of their lives
while we sweat out the war from this very hot angle: The HERMANS at Deal Beach,
the CONLEYS at Spring Lake, (also the BROWNS, but that doesn't count because
BETTY BROWN lives there all year 'round), the HANNAS at Beach Haven. We
are now open for just lots and lots on invitations.....?

FITZGERALD and SMITTY head the commotion;
Who says there's no such thing as perpetual motion?.....

The Pig 'n Whistle Inn is highly indorsed by CAPTAIN CONLEY
these hot evenings.

The scrub details are out en masse;
It's do or die for cleanlinasse.....

MR. PATRICK MICHAEL McMINUS, once a member of the personnel
at COLONEL TURNBULL'S Farm, appears to have taken up permanent residence
at WAC Detachments #1 and #3. This red-headed gentleman seems to have no
feeling for the propriety of the situation, and the girls, they say, are
made about the wild Irishman. (Personal: PAT - If you are thinking of
staying there, please return that silver dog-collar we bought you.)

HARRY the KATZ is so upset
He hasn't called his wife up yet.
He boldly sat and drowned his sorrows
To try and forget those awful tomorrows.
HARRY KATZ has seen his wards
And still is at a loss for vords.....

HELEN TURNBULL, our foreign correspondent (she must be, in view
of all the V-Mail she gets) received word from LEN BERMAN from his paradise
on New Caledonia. Trust LENNIE to land feet first! He send regards to
his old playmates at Tilton for whom he feels very sorry...

"Quack Quack"(cont.)

The shift in the hospital population
Is causing some discombobulation.....

CAPTAIN PRESS honored us with a farewell visit. By the way,
who was pinch-hitting for him at the "Voice of the Turtle"?

Dear Ration Board: It is quite elementary
To figure that we will all need supplementary
Gas coupons to ride us all forward and backward,
So give us more gas and don't make it awkward.....

EARL SAXE must have a pretty big head by thistime. Three
replacements have been reported at this writing, and he's still
here.....

It's lots of work, but it's lots of fun, too;
We know COLONEL TURNBULL and STAFF will come through.....

The Dental Officers have forsaken their drills for paint
brushes. Public opinion has it that they had better resume their
dentistry, but fast. You ain't supposed to paint the windowpanes, fellows.

To the guys and gals of combined Staffs:
You're in for some fun and lots of laughs.
We'll all work together through thick and thin,
And

Tilton's

fame

will

spread

to

Borlin!!!!!!!!

(Won't Adolph be mad!)

NOTE: We may soon be so busy the column will shrivel
and you won't have to listen to our silly drivel.....

"DOC" DUCK

BIG CITY SIGHTS: Cpl. Danny Crecca, of EENT, was in Penn Station one of these
recent Sunday nights waiting for a train to take him back to Trenton when he
noticed a sailor and his girl friend standing rather close together near one
of the gates. Danny, always the soul of discretion, turned away modestly
so as not to embarrass the loving couple so obviously soon to be parted, but
finally at train time he had to head for the gate, only to spy the sailor
and girl in a long, passionate embrace. He saw them break apart regretfully
and then - arm in arm get on the train and ride to Trenton together!

NEWS ITEM: 23 Nazi generals captured in 23 days.

THE PLEA

TO ALL OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GERMAN ARMY:

Der Fuehrer giffs a prize this week
To any of his men
Who'll take a bust to general
Und lead the regimen'.

You don't need past experience,
There won't be one taboo.
If we can't get an officer, well,
A PFC will do.

There is one stipulation, though,
A simple one, dear mates:
You'll have to take a one-way trip
To the United States.

Now, a prisoner's life, you will find,
Is not so very bad.
There will be lots of company --
The generals we once had!

There's Phufnik und von Putznie,
Und von Shloimie is one, too;
Und von Yonkel und von Shtunkie,
Und won't you be von, too?

THE ANSWER

Please tell dear Mr. Hitler
Tonight at his English class,
That he can take his generals
Und

TILTON TALK WILL AWARD A THREE-HOUR PASS FOR
THE BEST LAST LINE TO THE ABOVE FINAL STANZA

Pfc. Alfred Palca



RED CROSS NEWS

Recreation hall has face lifted.

In spite of the kaleidoscopic events of the past two weeks, one of the big news items at Red Cross is still the fact that the Recreation Hall has put on a definitely new appearance. Auditorium and lobby have gone through a surgical operation worthy of Captain Conley and can now boast a linoleum floor.

Patients celebrate the Fourth.

The Gloucester County Chapter of the American Red Cross entertained Tilton patients in fine style on Independence Day. A variety show and refreshments in patriotic motif, with the addition of some of the lovelier young ladies of Gloucester County, continued to produce one of the best holiday parties we have had here in a long time.

Summer musings.

Patients sunning themselves in beach chairs around the Red Cross garden -- sporting the best looking "suntans" on the Post.

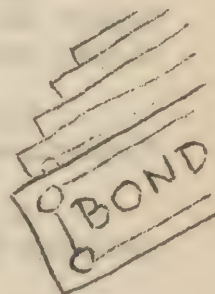
That nostalgia you get for little old Tilton that once was when someone whistles "I'll be seeing you."

Just a year ago the patients put on their first real stage show, "The Tilton Polliwogs of 1943."

Staff notes and comments.

Margo Wynn setting us all a good example with her daily bicycle ride..... Iris Gossner trying one morning to call various cards on the Red Cross phone, and getting the Post Veterinary five times in a row. (P.S. They fixed the phone.)

ALL OUT FOR VICTORY -- BUT ALL OUT!: There is a soldier here at Tilton who deserves a low bow of respect from all members of the detachment. He is Pvt. Max Brookstein and his home is in Philadelphia where he was in the dry cleaning business before the war. There are six sons in the Brookstein family, including Max, and all of them are in the service...two are in the Navy (both overseas) and three of Max's brothers are in the Army (one overseas). But the unusual thing about Pvt. Max Brookstein is not that he and his entire family are taking an active part in this war, but that in addition he has a record of buying bonds that few soldiers can equal. From the time that Max was inducted at Fort Meade, Maryland, until he was transferred to Tilton from Room General Hospital in Palm Beach, Florida, Max has been stationed in five different states...and in each state he has purchased a one thousand dollar bond. The last one, bought during the Fifth War Loan drive, was gotten right here at Tilton, this being Max's first station in New Jersey...He took a bust from T/4 to buck private to get the transfer from Florida to Tilton...We wonder if it would bust Pvt. Brookstein financially to go on a D.S. trip with a patient through nine or ten states?



WHISPERS

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

Here's a new tune, written by Sgt. Joe Bushkin and Pvt. John De Vries;
That's a fine title, fellers, and we hope we'll be singin' it soon....

There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town Of Berlin.

There'll be a hot time in the Town of Berlin, when the Yanks go marching in.
I wanna be there boy, and spread some joy, when they take old Berlin.
There'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin, when the Brooklyn boys begin
To take the joint apart, and tear it down, when they take old Berlin.
They're gonna start a row, and show them how we paint the town back in Kokomo.
They're gonna take a hike through Hitler's Reich, and change the "Heil" to
"Whatcha know Joe."

There'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin when the Yanks go marching in.
You could never keep 'em happy down on the farm, after they take Berlin.

Aside to Isabel Harris, "Somewhere in England": Larry Becker has no
other "Girl Friday" since you left...."Happy?"....

Get a load of Helen Papp, the "Marlene Dietrich" of the Mess Office...
M-m-m-m!!.....

Dot Manthorne's pet peeve....A heavy beard on a man...(What? No goatees?)
Incidentally, ask someone to describe a goatee, and see what the answer will
be....They'll all react the same way....Try it on several persons....

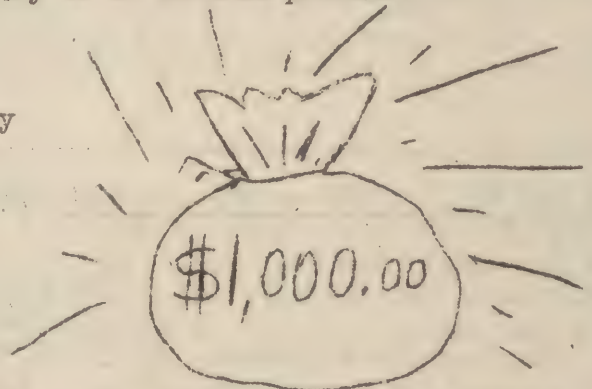
During the War Bond Drive three
of the WACs were more than helpful....
Doris Masson, Louise Cannaday and Shirley
Schoener...Cannaday set...and made... a
goal of \$1,000.00....A large "BOKAY" to
y'all.....

The Secretary to the Executive
Officer...Florence Walters, the "Min-
iature Glamour Girl"....(Hi! "Minnie!!")

John Haines and Sid Crastnopol celebrated an "unveiling"...Johnny's
"pinky" and Sid's wrist came out of the casts they've been wearing....Good
as new, thanks to our fine "Medicos"....

Ruth Rubenstein and Johnny Tenk have decided to call it a day....The
"Wolverines" didn't have anything to do with it, did they Johnny??...

It Just Couldn't Happen Department: Lige Potts on the phone without
prefacing his conversation with, "Say, this is Pvt. Potts...."....



What goes with that "feud" between "Hatfield" Langer and "McCoy" Cordino?...

Ernest Phillips spends most of his time after duty making wood carvings.... His latest is what he fondly terms "A Louse"... A large scale model of a "cootie"...

Marion Seltzer is so tired when she gets to her Barrack she sits on a stool while taking a shower....(Don't ask how we know...Could say a "Stool Pigeon" told us, but that would be a bit corny, wouldn't it??)....

According to what our "Amigo", Al Ciaburri has written, he is well prepared for the warm weather he expects at CCS....Especially since he stopped over at St. Louis....

Our Newark representative, Joe Rosoff, has begun a new series of exercises guaranteed to knock off some of that excess weight where it will show least....

For a new kind of novelty try to see the USO-Camp Show at the Outdoor Theatre on the 21st....It features a talking crow....Honest!...

From the satisfied smile Mike McCarroll is sporting these days he must have gotten rid of the "house-hunting blues"....When's the housewarming, Mike?...

Buy

More

Bonds -

Today!

ADVENTURE IN NEW GUINEA

News has just been released about the adventurous experiences of Major Talcott Wainwright, one of the earliest of the officers to be stationed at Tilton. Some of his fellow officers are still here and no doubt a number of the enlisted men will remember him, too.

After his departure from the United States Major Wainwright arrived in Australia in March, 1942, but soon left there to get into the thick of things in New Guinea. His first trip over the hump (the high Owen Stanley mountain range) was made on foot in the intense heat of summer in that same year. As medical officer for an expedition which included reconnaissance personnel, members of an engineer construction unit, and native laborers, he was at that time one of the first Americans ever to attempt this exhausting journey. Later Major Wainwright received the Legion of Merit Award for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services while on this expedition.

He returned to the mainland of Australia in early 1943 for treatment of a tropical disease which he had contracted, and on his recovery was assigned the task of reorganizing a portable surgical hospital which he later commanded in New Guinea. In the late months of 1943 and during the first of 1944 he performed a number of special tasks for general headquarters, the nature of which is still secret and cannot be divulged, and in April 1944, he received his present assignment which is that of medical intelligence officer in charge of collecting and evacuating captured enemy equipment.

Although taking care of sick and wounded men is basically a grim task, Major Wainwright remembers several amusing incidents, among which the following seems to be outstanding. "On one occasion", he reported, "an Aussie soldier came to our field hospital with a bullet hole through the center of his two cheeks. His cheeks, of course, were sore and stiff and he tried to talk without moving them. Seeing the wounds I more or less expected that the inside of his mouth must be a mess with teeth knocked out and jaws smashed. I first asked him how he was feeling and he mumbled, 'Not too bad.' Then I said, 'It must have knocked hell out of your teeth.' He laughed, trying not to move his face, and mumbled again, 'Nope, me teeth were in me pocket.' So, as a result of shrewd precaution the only damage done was the two small puncture wounds."



In his two years in the Southwest Pacific, the Major has crossed the hump thirty times, twice of those times being on foot, and recently completed his thirteenth crossing of the Coral Sea separating New Guinea from the Australian mainland.

In case anybody has been struck by the name and is wondering whether the Major is related to Lieut. Gen. Wainwright who is currently a Japanese prisoner of war, the answer is - they are first cousins and bear quite a resemblance to each other both in looks and in carriage.

BACK HOME FROM OVER THERE

by Pfc. John Machoka

Pfc. John Machoka, foster son of Mrs. H.N. Frey, 227 E. Frederick Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is back home to recover his injuries.

"It was kinda rough," Pfc. Machoka admitted.

"We took off from Minturno, Italy, but we didn't know whether we were coming back. We had been told about the attack two days prior to the mission when we were briefed on the attack.

"Our Commanding Officer told us the chances of us getting back were slight, that this was most heavily guarded area on the Italian theater of operation, that we were going to do a job that might shorten the war by many months maybe years.

"The last was enough for us. We liked the idea of getting it over with, but we sure sweated out those last two days!

"We got to the target all right, but when the Germans opened close range Mortar fire that's when we got it. We were thirteen of us in the squad only two of us left alive, one officer and myself. I got hit on the chest, the officer wasn't wounded at all, but things sure happened fast.

"It wasn't much later I learned I have to walk to the aid Station about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. I was very weak when I got there I guess from loss of blood. I walked over to the Medical Officer and asked him to put some bandages on my wounds.

"'Damn it', he said, 'you hit too?'

"He sure was excited with full house of injured men. The clean bed in a Hospital sure felt good. I knew I wasn't home but I sure felt good.

"I stayed in a Hospital in Naples for 7 weeks then I was sent back to the States.

"It is good to be home."

(Note: The author of the brief account of his action in Italy is a patient at Tilton General Hospital. He was born in this country but was taken to Rumania with his older brother when they were still children. In 1940 Pfc. Machoka returned to the States and went to work in Lancaster, Pa. Two years later he was drafted into the Army. He is now 24 years old and has heard from his mother, who is still in Rumania only once in the last three

years. He saw his father in Canada last November for the first time in 16 years. His brother, who was not able to leave Rumania with him, is now fighting with the German Army somewhere in Europe, an unwilling soldier of Fascism. Pfc. Machoka still has some difficulty with the English language, but his story is being printed as he wrote it. We feel that his own words portray his reactions and emotions with far greater fidelity than we ever could. The Editor)

practically anything

GOODBYE, AGAIN. - When we went to press last time, we mentioned the fact that the former staff members of Tilton Talk were beginning to drift back as visitors. Well, we must be a jinx, because no sooner did we say that than they were all shipped again. Geiger and Solvage went out west to Washington and Ciaburri went south to Barkely Field, Texas, to MAC OCS. Travelling companions on the trip to OCS were Cpl. Sragow, T/4 Bender, Pvt. Oster and Technician Fourth-grade Wiseman. Lieutenants, we salute you!

Big entertainment feature of the month was the FRANKIE CARLE Coca-Cola show at the outdoor theatre on Friday night, June 7. The broadcast was scheduled for 9:30, but there was a special show for the assembled company at 8:45. That doesn't mean that the men came out at 8:45 promptly. From six o'clock on they started to trickle out to the theatre, some of them with cards to while away the time, others with repartee to heckle the rehearsing performers...Cokes were available for free to those who came early enough...The advance show was really something, with one of the patients making a play for lovely Phyllis Lynne, and getting a chance to indulge his act as a stuttering comedian. Not bad, either... There were lots of fine showmen in the thing - mountainous Michael Roy, the announcer, Frankie himself who did part of one number sitting on the edge of the keyboard and playing with his hands behind his back, and blond-haired Phyllis who is swell to look at as well as to listen to.

Special thanks go to Sgt. Eddie Judge who sweated and strained getting the stage set up and the lights in order, and who gave a marvelous performance with the spotlight. And if ever you wanted to see daredevil climbing you should have seen Eddie go up to the top of the band shell after it was all over in order to take down the Coca-Cola banner. (Did you secretly practice for fireman when you were a kid, Sgt.?)

The Labor market is really getting tough. For a while, on the Fourth of July, it looked as though the Quartermaster's office had flaunted all the child labor laws and had hired a four-year old as typist. Seated on a pile of books and pecking away enthusiastically at a machine was Elaine Hockman who still has two years to go before she is graduated into first grade. It's all legal, though. It seems that on the Fourth, the nursery school Elaine attends was closed, and since mama - Doris Hockman of the Q. Office - had no place to leave her, she just brought her along to work. Elaine's presence helped office morale considerably.

Not-so-hot-off-the-press. Mickey Rooney, who was rejected for physical reasons last year, was inducted at Fort MacArthur, California, just recently. From there he reported to the mechanized cavalry at Fort Riley, Texas. Mickey has stated that he intends to ask Ava to remarry him. She says she doesn't know anything about it. Do you suppose the chaplain at Fort Riley will be able to help him out?

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING (cont.)

Have you ever wondered why certain symbols should be used as insignia for certain ranks? Meaning, why did they choose a bar for lieutenants and a gold leaf for majors? Why not vice-versa? Here's an explanation which we found in the National Legionnaire. It's interesting, even if not completely according to AR:

According to an old Army legend, a first lieutenant, or subaltern, as he was once called, may assume an elevated position in the field to watch the operations of his command. (In the old Army second lieutenants wore no bar as insignia of rank until the World War.) The first lieutenant climbs on the first bar of a fence. The captain has to oversee more men and must, therefore, climb higher - two bars. Up in rank and up in an oak tree goes the major, who must see even more men. The lieutenant colonel climbs into a silver spruce and the legend carries the colonel up to the eagles. Generals have so many men to look after that they can only do the work from a view such as that offered by the stars.

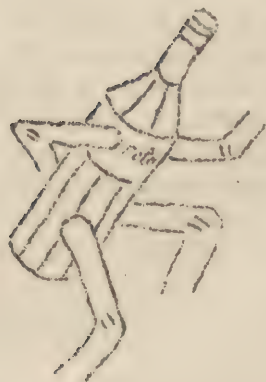
Via Eddie Judge, the T T office got a request from Cpl. Corvi - "Ginger", who used to work for the Quartermaster - to be put on the mailing list. Ginger's down at Fort Oglethorpe for overseas training.

Barbera's v.g. (victory garden, to you) between Warehouses 4 and 5 was doing beautifully with rich dark-green bean plants climbing up the lattices on either side, more or less overshadowing the vitamins growing in the center. That was before our day off. When we got back it looked like a case of overshadowing gone berserk and putting an end to everything else, for between the sections of beans there was little else showing but sandy Jersey soil. Judicious sleuthing dug up a down-to-earth explanation: the ripe greens were picked, the others were thinned out.

Gas masks are handy things. According to Air Force, issue of June, 1944, the Japanese on Bougainville, running out of normal fuel, are burning their gas masks to cook their meals. One rubberized face piece and hose is enough to warm up two mess-kits of rice. Consequently, they have few gas masks and the air is something you wouldn't believe. Pass the perfume, Tojo, it's putrid out there.

Best topic of the year for ungrounded rumors was the merger of Station Hospital with Tilton. It took place officially at 2400, Friday June 7, but until it happened there were more fantastic stories floating around than you could track down in a month of Sundays. And anyway, who would want to spend such an ideal vacation month in such a way? In any case, just to put an end to all speculation, the merger happened a week before everybody was sure it would take place. Moral: idle talk is awfully idle, and any resemblance between it and reality is purely accidental.

It Happened to GIs



COKE CHASES MAN HALF AROUND EARTH (Ft. McClellan, Ala. - ALB) - Eight months ago in a North African army hospital, Pfc. William Chapman offered a nurse a dollar for a bottle of Coca-Cola, as it was the first he had seen in a year. He told of the incident in a letter to his wife in Shamokin, Pa. That was that, except that Chapman was sent back to the States and had completely forgotten the incident until -

-Wrapped in gauze and cotton, a package arrived at Ft. McClellan, addressed to Chapman. He opened it and found that it was a bottle of Coca-Cola his wife had sent to him in Africa. Arriving there after he had been shipped, it followed him home and caught up with him in Alabama, the birth state of the popular drink where there is plenty.

OMINOREG! (Air Force, June '44)

-A strange mishap overtook a paratrooper at Fort Benning during maneuvers. This young man leaped from his plane, yelled "Geronimo" properly enough, but instead of going down he went up. As his many friends and acquaintances floated to the ground, just as they had been taught, this young man floated higher and higher until he became greatly



concerned. With no more control over his movements than a wisp of thistledown, the paratrooper was tossed about on the point of a thermal wave. He spent half an hour watching his outfit fighting fierce mock battle on the ground. In time, the thermal wave released the young man and he came down to join his battalion as a fresh reservist.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING (Notam, 28 June, 1944) - What happened of a recent morning to Cpl. Harold Miller of the Command Hdq. Sqn. shouldn't happen to the worst of latrine orderlies.

Harold awoke to find himself appointed latrine orderly of his native Barracks 103 and promptly set out for the Supply Room to fetch the necessary equipment - brooms, mops, metal cleansers and GI soap.

He had already manicured five bowls and three sinks when a buddy nudged him and said, "You know what?"

"No, what?" asked Harold.

"You're doing the wrong latrine", said the buddy, "this is Barracks 102."

Harold's bay chief was right tolerant about the whole thing. He merely had Harold do an encore in Barracks 103.



O.T. NEWS

P.F.C. ELY H. FRIEDMAN

With all the excitement and activity so noticeable these days at T.G.H., the O.T. workshop has come in for its share.

The terrific demands for all those new signs that will be seen in the corridors, over wards and on doors really put the sign painters back in business. Sure wish we had a few more brush-wielders around loose.

The many repairs on chairs, tables and radios keep things humming.

Some fine hand-made products have left the workshop recently, among which were several artistic wall plaques, door checks, leather belts and wallets and a beautiful sand box for children made by Charles Mange, ward 24, for his 18 month old daughter.

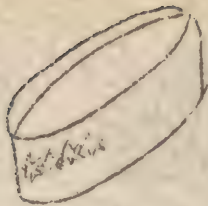
"Brother" Bill Baggett, ward 9, has been quite a handy guy around the workshop. His effort on several desk plates was very commendable and almost all of the gals around T.G.H. will testify, he was well liked by those who knew him, and many, many did!

Charles Petel, ward 33, claims the workshop to be right up his alley. Some of his "surrealistic" products really rival the best. He's a good guy, too - always willing to lend a fellow a hand.

G.I. Jane, Tilton's Wac scarecrow, put on some weight during her sojourn at the shop, in typical Army style. To whom it may concern: her clothes are government property, soo-o-o beware!

The farm has come in for quite a bit of popularity recently, particularly to the dietetic staff. Lt. Mallon, Lt. Kaput, Lt. Goldberger and Staff sergeant Aiken visited it recently to see just where all those swell vegetables were coming from. Frankly, it is believed that they are learning farming the hard way, especially as to how watermelons grow. (Not on trees, Lt. Kaput!)

On July 1 a beanpicking group gathered some 10 bushels of beans which were gladly accepted by Patients' Mess. Included were James B. Britten, John J. Simko, Robert Natarus and Anthony Spilar from Ward 33 and Clair Irwin and John Reynolds from Ward 35. Captain Springer led another group of "weaker sex" pickers the night before. Note to the OPA- it may be of interest to know these gals picked the beans barefooted.



NEVER MET the General

by PFC Alfred Palca

Maybe those ad writers weren't kidding after all...we discovered the other day that the Army will be getting rid of a lot of equipment when the war ends...anyone who is on the beam, for example, will be able to buy a Piper Cub plane for a quick chorus of a popular song and a couple of bucks in cash...well, this GI will be among the first in line for one of those planes...I've got friends in Vermont, f'instance, that I didn't get to see as often as I liked during pre-war days...it's eight hours by train and the week-end is pretty well shot in traveling...but with that Piper Cub we'll be able to give a loud "Contact!" and then land on the farm in Vermont an hour or two later...A discharged soldier we know, who was in the Air Corps, opened an airfield near Rahway, New Jersey, a couple of months ago, and he's banking on the belief that plane trips by individuals will become as commonplace as a jaunt in the family jalopy...Clean my goggle, Maizie, we're having dinner with the Dribbles in Denver tonight!...

I'd like to find a girl who'll make me a good husband...that's almost an epigram...also an impossibility, incorrigible that I am...Here is a suggestion, absolutely free, for any toothpaste advertising copy writer. Pointing his message to servicemen in particular, he can urge them to "Use Blanko Toothpaste and have a smile that melts Wacs!"...or maybe Bob Hope is a better salesman in that department...Only three of us were sitting in the Detachment mess hall last Sunday at dinner dawdling disconsolately over our coffee. Cpl. Danny (he really gets around, doesn't he!) Crecca stepped through the door and stopped in amazement, his jaw agape. "Omigosh," he supposed in wailing tones, "the war's over and I'm the last one to get a discharge."

The first all-soldier musical of World War II, "This is the Army" which was produced under the aegis of Irving Berlin with the blessing of the War Department, opened in New York City on the evening of July 4th, 1942, before a brilliant first night audience. Sprinkled liberally among the regulars of the Four Hundred and Broadway were many high ranking generals and admirals and wounded servicemen.

Without waving the flag at any point the show was still one of the most inspiring patriotic spectacles ever seen on any stage. The audience cheered itself hoarse at the final curtain with its mass of soldiers onstage in full battle uniform.

George Kauffman, the great playwright and wit, was asked what he thought of the show as he stopped in the lobby on his way out. Kauffman looked at all the braid and brass hats filing past and responded drily:

"Could anyone hiss?"

I like Bunny Eisen's description of Brooklyn: "A strip of land between the Atlantic Ocean and the United States of America"...which reminds me of a Flatbush friend who is writing a book based on his experiences in that delightful borough...He's

calling it "Gowanus Canal Diary"...not to be confused, of course, with Richard Tregaskis' fine narrative of the South Pacific, "Guadalecanal Diary"...Overheard in the latrine: Two soldiers were discussing music and the conversation turned to popular songs that have been derived from classical compositions. Tschai-kowski was being compared with Irving Berlin. "Personally", said the sergeant, "I think Berlin is better. After all, he writes the music and the words to his songs."

The radio listening habits of America are gauged by a survey known as the Crossley Poll. A cross section of the civilian population is questioned regularly by telephone as to the programs they are listening to or hear frequently. The Crossley rating is the radio artist's guide to his popularity. We feel that the ratings would be changed materially if the polls could somehow include the listening habits of men and women in the service. One man whose salary would undoubtedly be upped by his sponsor is Gabriel Heatter. This commentator, whose familiar "Ye-e-e-e-o-e-sss" echoes across the tent area every evening at nine, gets more GI listeners than even Hope or Crosby. His corny optimism, his sentimental observations, his monotonous sing-song, his dramatic pauses and his jazzed-up commercials (which are sometimes as heart-rending as his war stories) make for a full fifteen minutes. But Gabe's strongest appeal is, without doubt, his honest sincerity, a trait which was most completely demonstrated on the evening of D-Day when he broke down under the emotional strain of the invasion news. Well, here's hoping his optimism is justified in the very near future.

Pvt. Heinz Gluckauf has a sobering Arabian proverb on his desk in the Quartermaster Office at Warehouse 5. It reads: "I had no shoes, and I murmured, till I met a man-who had no feet"...I was searching for a racy novel in the library the other day when I overheard a Red Cross worker castigating Lillian Smith's novel of the south "Strange Fruit"... "It is a downright filthy book," she said, "and not a bit as good as 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn' by Betty Smith. In fact, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she wrote it just to cash in on the reputation of the name of Smith!"...Ma'am!

Open memo to Yank, the Army Newspaper: Send reporter to 671 Madison Avenue, New York City to check on exclusive dress shop known as The Sada Sacks...society women, we've been told, pay two and three hundred dollars for dresses there...makes Yank real cheap at only a nickel, huh?

It is the duty of the Public Relations Office, among other things, occasionally to get patients to appear at bond rallies and on radio programs. Most of the men are extremely reluctant about accepting the invitations, but they wouldn't be if they stopped to think for a moment or two. It is important that the American civilian population be told what it is like over there so that the fellows who are still there won't be let down. Many of the patients at Tilton right now, for example, owe their lives to the immediate use of blood plasma on or near the field of battle. That flow of blood to foreign shores must never slacken. The patients can help by appearing at bond rallies and on radio broadcasts. Let the people know...don't let your buddies down.

FARM

"It's our pet project for this summer", said Capt. Josephine Springer, head of Occupational Therapy, in answer to our question as to how she felt about our running a sketch of the Farm on the front cover. "There have been, and still are, small victory gardens worked as hobbies by the enlisted men at Tilton", she continued, "but this is the first year we've had such a big one - 210x525 feet - and one intended solely for the benefit of patients."

"How does the benefit come in? Well, in two ways: in the first place, working outdoors is part of the 'reconditioning' program and has a great curative value, in addition to helping put men gradually back on a duty status; and in the second place, all the vegetables go to the patients' mess."

We asked whether the patients did everything on the Farm. "Yes, they do all the chores", replied Capt. Springer. "Of course, the difficult work, like plowing, is done by two detachment men assigned to Occupational Therapy specifically for farm purposes - at one time we even had a western rancher in charge of the mule team - but everything else, like spraying, cultivating, picking - is done by the boys in the red suits. And what's more, we rarely have to order a detail. Most of the men are volunteers who have requested permission to work on the Farm. We take them there and bring them back by car, and we always keep cold drinks available, so it's really a lot of fun, and not just work."

What grows there? "Everything", announced Capt. Springer proudly, "everything from corn to canteloupes, with twenty-five different vegetables in between, though the prize products are Janie the Wac and her stick-in-the-mud boy-friend, G.I. Joe, the two scarecrows, who didn't exactly grow there, but without whom the Farm could never be the same."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Last Friday, July 14th, was an anniversary for Tilton General Hospital that few of us knew about and none celebrated. At 1130 that morning it marked exactly three years (to the minute) since the first patient was admitted to Tilton General Hospital for treatment. It came, by coincidence, just two days after Col. S. Jay Turnbull made the official announcement of the merger of Station Hospital at Fort Dix with Tilton General, making TGH one of the largest general hospitals in the country.

The first patient was Pvt. Raymond J. Binkowski, a member of the 1257th SCSU Med. Detachment. Pvt. Binkowski was treated for a rheumatic heart condition. His home was South River, New Jersey. Pvt. Binkowski's whereabouts today are not known to TILTON TALK but it is hoped that wherever he is, he is well.



Library Notes

BOOKS WORTH READING AGAIN

"Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts, introduces the famous character of the original American Ranger, Captain Robert Rogers, in as adventurous and romantic a tale as you will ever read of early American history in its Maine beginnings.

Everyone interested in American folklore will find in A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE, edited by B.A. Botkin, stories and tales to quicken the imagination and enlighten the mind. Carl Sandburg, in the introduction, informs us that "because folklore is so elemental and folk songs and stories are such good neighbors and pleasant companions, it is hard to understand why American folklore is not more widely known and appreciated. Not only does folklore shift, but it changes as it shifts between the top and bottom layers of culture. Folklore as we find it perpetuates human ignorance, perversity and depravity along with human wisdom and goodness."

The editor has divided the subject as follows:

- Part I - Heroes and Boosters. Backwoods boosters; Pseudo bad men; Killers; Free lances; Miracle men; Patron saints.
- Part II- Boosters and Knockers. Tall talk; The sky's the limit; Local cracks and slams.
- Part III-Jesters. Pranks and tricks; Humorous anecdotes and jests.
- Part IV- Liars. Yarns and tall tales; From the liars' bunch.
- Part V - Folk tales and legends. Animals tales; Nursery tales; Witch tales; Ghost tales; Devil tales; Queer tales.
- Part VI- Songs and rhymes. Play rhymes and catch colloquies; Singing and play-party games; Ballads and songs.

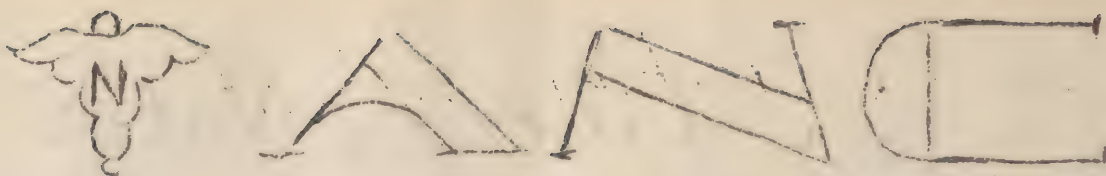
Using the above classifications as a yardstick how would YOU classify the following stories: "Billy the Kid", "Paul Bunyan", "Johnny Appleseed", "How to Make Rattlesnake Soap," "God and de Devil in de Cemetery", "Slappy Hooper, World's Biggest, Fastest and Bestest Sign Painter", "Big as an Idaho Potato", "Brer Dog and Brer Rabbit", "The Phantom Train of Marshall Pass", "The Devil Marriage", "Sidewalk Rhymes of New York", and "Hallelujah, Bum Again!"

Pleasant reading!

Lament for the Past

I think it's quite appalling
That in modern towns one finds
No shades of night are falling,
Instead - Venetian blinds!

by T/5 Rudyard Kipling



by Lt. Elizaebth M. Koonig

July 1st marked the departure of Lieut. Mary R. Baumgart from the Army Nurse Corps, and with her go our very best wishes. Little Mary was guest of honor at an informal surprise shower given by the entire Nursing staff. Believe it or not, this surprise was really just that, and probably the only one ever to be achieved with so many women living under the same roof. The guests were thrilled and bug eyed and Mary quite speechless. What we are wondering is, HOW did she transport all the gifts?

The newest mode in Nurses Uniforms will be the latest brown and white sweater-sucker, wrap-around uniforms for duty wear, with jackets for street wear; for play, slacks and shirts, and all extremely comfortable. Duty caps are of the same material except that in place of black bands, brown will be worn. Official wearing date is yet to be declared.

Some one should tell Lieut. Rita White that Icelanders are not called Icemen... Capt. Springer's fancy outfit, complete with shirt and tie, was a snappy number. She refuses, tho', to sanction the wearing in public... The different types of wall decorations in the Nurses' Quarters: baby pictures, dogs, flowers, maps and last but not least, the pin-up boys... Lieut. Agnes Sabia's charming voice has not been heard for some time. Her sopranoing is sadly missed. She might be in training for an event. If so, we are patiently waiting for free tickets...

Tilton Gals became farmerettes for a day last week when a berry-picking and swimming party took place. Results were fine, the pies were the best eaten and I'd like Chef Watson's recipe if he will divulge the secret.

TO ONE WHO NEVER KEEPS APPOINTMENTS ON TIME

Unfaithful, selfish, savage beast,

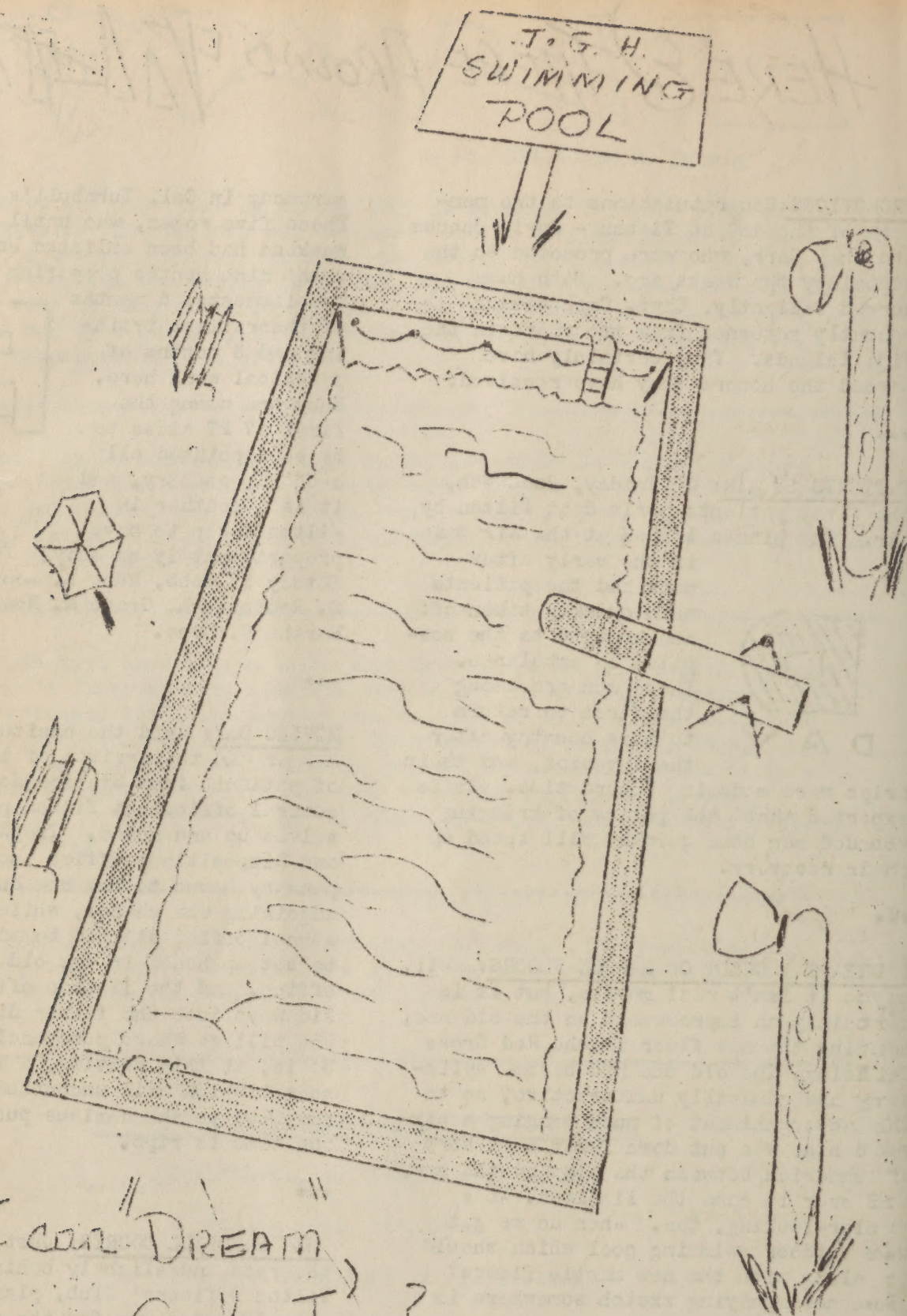
A hissing snake art thou;

You said we'd meet at six o'clock --

It's seven-thirty now!

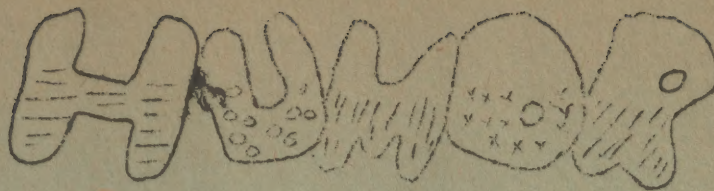
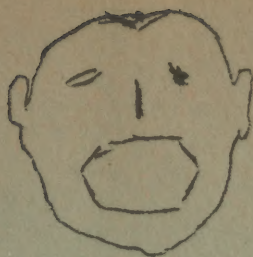
by PFC Doroty Parger and S/Sgt. Ogden Hash

PT



I can "DREAM"
Can't I?

by PFC. ELY H. FRIEDMAN



At a formal banquet given for some officers who had just returned from successful action at Anzio a young jaygee found himself sitting next to a high-hat dowager who wore a very low cut gown. All through the dinner she ignored him but finally condescended to speak.

Gazing haughtily through her lorgnette at his uniform she said loftily, "I see you're naval."

"That's all right, madame," he answered smiling, "I see yours too."
(Harpoon)

A tricky Jane I'll tell the world
Is tricky Minnie Marters;
A Welcome smile on rosy lips -
But mousetraps on her garters.
(Greenwood Gremlin)

Mrs. Jones was having difficulty getting Junior, aged 10, to eat his supper. Finally she urged, "Come now, Junior, eat your supper like a little soldier."

"Okay", said Junior, "pass the *&/;@%/?* chow."

(Bomb-Bay Messenger)

One of the most embarrassing moments of the war was suffered by an Englishman in Leeds who picked up a girl in a black-out. When he took her to his apartment house she said, "Why, I live in this house, too." It developed that she lived on the same floor. In fact, in the same room. In fact, she was his wife.

(The Rattler)

No wonder the little duckling
Wears on his face a frown
For he has just discovered his
First pair of pants were down!
(Borden News)

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his Club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine. "Where to, Sir?" asked the chauffeur respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman, "I'm committing suicide"
(Baxter Bugle)

A Spar was trying to get by the guards the other night for a very important date. A sharp-eyed S.P. stopped her, however, and when he asked her where she thought she was going - she replied: "Listen, bub! My dear old Mother is in Heaven, my Dad is down below, my boy-friend is waiting for me in Sheepshead Bay, and brother, I'm seeing one of them tonight."

(Harpoon)

Medic: How's the sergeant this morning?

Nurse: I think he's regaining consciousness. He tried to blow the foam off his medicine this morning.

(Barksdale Bark)

A newly-married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," meowed his wife, "but whose profession - yours or hers?"

(Bomb-Bay Messenger)

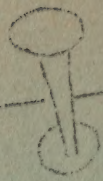
Teacher: If you stand facing the North what do you have on your left hand?

Johnny : Fingers.

(Salem Echo).

A charming young lady named Hopper
Committed a sad social cropper.
She went to South Bend
With a gentleman friend -
The rest of the story's improper.

(Greenwood Gremlin)



There must be,
not a balance
of power, but a
community of power,
not organized rival-
ries, but an organ-
ized common Peace.

WOODROW WILSON
Address to Senate
Jan. 22, 1917

E//F.